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WARHAMMER® MONTHLY

SHADOWFAST

plus DREAMS OF LUSTRIA

INQUISITOR • RAVENWING • DEDICATION

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BY THE EMPEROR, but I grow weary! The endless battle, the unceasing conflict has worn me down. This accursed war of attrition has claimed another victim. Hey! Gutspew, Gutspew? Where are you? Ah, there you are. It's over, Gutspew. You've won. You can have it all. I'm giving up my power armour, hanging up my chainsword. Emperor forgive me, but I'm, fed up of being a Space Marine. I just want to settle down and raise some chickens, have a little farm somewhere, a shop maybe... Anything but fight. Just give me peace...

KHORNE'S BLOOD! *Can it be true? This is morvellous news! The gloriously vile Doemon Princes will be most pleased with me. Yours will be the finol ond greotest soul thot I sholl collect, ond its delivery into the grosping clows of Choos will surely guorontee my immortolity! Boneblode, you don' t know how hoppy you' ve mode me! ... But we must do this properly, with oll due ceremony. Grosp my hond. Ahem-hem! Do you, Luconos Boneblode of the Ultromorines, servont of the thrice-cursed Emperor, willingly surrender your soul to Choos for oll eternity?*

NO! HA, YOU GREAT FOOL! Throne of Earth, did you really think that I would surrender? Are all the foul minions of Chaos as dim as you, Gutspew? Once a Space Marine, always a Space Marine – and proud beyond measuring to bear arms in the service of the almighty Emperor! Did you really believe ony Space Marine could surrender so easily to a stinking thing of Chaos like you? You great idiot! You fell right into my trap! Hang up my chainsword? Ha! The only resting place it will ever find is buried deep inside your guts! Come here, Chaos filth, and taste my blade!

AIEEEE! NOOOOOOO! *Princes of Choos, sove me! Ouch! Oof! Thot stings! Aiieeee!*

Next month: Darkblade's back.

Inside this comic...

INQUISITOR
De Faye and Gravier investigate just how deeply the taint of Chaos is entrenched in Nicodemus – and let no one stand in the way of an Inquisitor doing the Emperor's work!

DEDICATION
The shrine at Alx Fronnard is besieged by the foul hordes of Chaos. What else remains but to prepare for battle?

DREAMS OF LUSTRIA
Frenzo, a young Tilean noble, dabbles in the mystical ways of magic – and discovers he is not alone.

SHADOWFAST
The Elf wardancer continues his quest to be freed from the malevolent power of the magical staff.

RAVENWING
After destroying their Gargant, Sergeant Malachi and the rest of his squad are being pursued by a crazed Ork horde across the icy wastes of Boab.

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

PRAISE THE EMPEROR! Your astropathic communications continue to find me in the Warp and help relieve the tedium of Gutspew's heretical rantings.

• *Warhammer Monthly* is great. With action, adventure, explosions, heroes, villains, and most importantly CHAOS, what else could be asked for? I especially enjoyed Darkblade (alas, the ending was too predictable) and Dwarflords is grand too. I think that making models of the characters is most excellent. You could do the same for characters in *Inferno!* (the Nine Heads of Nurgle would be especially welcome!) I'll end as I began by saying WARHAMMER MONTHLY IS GREAT!
– Elvis Lancaster

• My name is Kimon, I am a twenty year old student from Cyprus. I am really fond of all your stories, but I was excited by the story of Malus Darkblade. The end of book 1 was the most exciting story I have ever raad. But I would like to ask some questions.

Are you going to start a new chapter with Malus hunting down the Daemon to free his soul? What happened to the Titan story? I heard a rumour that *Warhammer Monthly* will be published in colour... I believe you should continue in black and white because it gives an 'image' only black and white can present correctly. What about any new stories?

Well that's all I wanted to ask. Keep up the good work and may the Emperor guide your way.
– Kimon Mormaros, Cyprus

Malus will indeed be returning to find his lost soul in the very next issue, and both Bloodquest and Titan will be back very soon too.

• Just to tell you that Kal Jerico is an excellent choice for the model. I'd like to see Darkblade and Ephrael Stern at some point. Graphic novels of these two would be excellent. The artwork is great, and while I'm handing out compliments I'd like to say that I find *Warhammer Monthly* really accessible to me as a non-gamer. Keep up the good work! (Posters would be cool as well.)
– Montis D Void

• Dwarflords is a brilliant new strip with some astonishing artwork. Where did you find Paul Davidson? The script is also great fun, I want more, more, more. (Oops, sorry, lost it there!) Shadowfast is getting too good! Simon H is turning out the best work of his career and is being pushed along by Michael Browne's script. Bloodquest, oh boy! Rennie and MacNiel combine to deliver cinematic episodes which read like a dream. Colin MacNiel seems to indulge himself here with a flurry of sizzling panels that pulsate with palpable fury. This is what good comics are all about, from the battle scenes to the massed Ork fleet and terrifying Warpgate. Don't make us wait too long for book 2. You've got the very best writers and artists producing Britian's best comic for the past 10 years! Treat yourself to beers.
– Lee Davis, London

Your name seems familiar to me, you have been of service to the Emperor before? Ah, I see you have already been in contact with Outspew. Do I sense a heretic?

• Stunning artwork and exciting stories have made *Warhammer Monthly* and *Inferno!* a must-have for any one seriously interested in the Warhammer universe. As the magazines develop I can see some of the characters developing cult status and attracting the unconverted to 'our universe'.

I love the idea of producing limited edition collectable miniatures based on the stories. Malus Darkblade and Spite are a must for production. You no doubt have loads of plans for future issues and personally I am an Ork man. I would love to read a story based on a hero Ork character, one that could be taken seriously, perhaps commending an army of boyz. The possibilities for charecterisation would be numerous from the towliest grunt to the wierdest wierdboy. Keep it up.
– Pete Wood, Isle of Wight

• Yoo boyz ara doin a great job, an I rooly enjoy readin da books dat ya make like *War'amma Munfly*, as long as da boss don't kach me. Ow'eva dis munf somefin went orrebly rong, coz da boss is gonna find out I've been readin hiz War'amma Munfly numba 8. I know heez gonna find out coz I kut da last page of dat beekee komic ta enta da kool kompetishun. An Nazdreg gets very, very narky if he katchez any wun reedin his komic, dis meenz dat when he finds out I ain't goin to be joinin any good scraps or waaghs fer ajers. Bash ya ova da ead wiv fanks...
– Zoggin Book Basha

Degenerate Ork scum! There'll be greenskins in this comic over my dead body. You'll feel my chainsword, Zoggin.

• I just wanted to let you guys know that the comic is awesome! Keep up the good work!! My favourite stories so far are Bloodquest, Daemonifuge and I can't remember the name of it, but it is that story in the first few issues about an Eldar facing off with a Chaos Dreadnought. Do you guys have any more stories about Eldar or Orks coming up? My suggestions for turning characters into models are 1) Ephrael Stern; 2) Inquisitor Hand; 3) Commissar Gaunt, to include various Ghosts as a part of a ten-model boxed set, including Corbec, Larkin and even Milo. As you can see I am partial to Warhammer 40,000.
– Luis Jacobo, San Diego, CA, USA

• I have read your comic from the very beginning and I must say that it has improved greatly! I have just read issue 50 and am really excited about the Kal Jerico miniature. I was wondering if you could also make the following: the 3 Dwarflords; Chaos Sisters of Battle from issue 10; Gaunt's Ghosts for my Imperial Guard army. Anyway, the comic is brilliant! Truly, madly, deaply brilliant! My favourite strips are Kal Jerico, Daemonifuge and The Samos Sanction. More Necromunda strips would be good and a Blood Bowl strip would be interesting. Keep it up, boyz.
– Stefan Fergus, Marlborough, Wilts

• I am writing to congratulate you on a truly brilliant comic. I am 13 years old and collect an Imperial Guard army (I always like the underdog as when you win against Eldar or Chaos you can really rub it in their faces). I think that you should do an Imperial Guard comic strip, maybe the length of Bloodquest (A truly marvellous script if I may say so). I also think that you (Baneblade) should be in your own comic strip, maybe 4 or 5 pages per issue fighting that vile Gutspew. My favourite characters I wish you to immortalise as miniatures are veteran sergeants Cloten and Tranio. Praise the Emperor and let his light guide you, Baneblade, and I will send you a lascannon to blow that Gutspew to smithereens.
– Colonel Ian McDermott, Manchester, Lancs

This is more like it, a loyal servant rather than those stian-loving traitors. I look forward to recieving your lascannon. Gutspew won't know what hit him!

Send your battle orders to
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INQUISITOR
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART SIMON COLEBY
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON
BOOK ONE - THE TAINT OF NICODEMUS
CHAPTER THREE
FROM THE LIFE OF DEFAY BY HIS PUPIL, GRAVIER...
"In the palace of the Duchy of Lorth, in a pit of unyielding darkness, we found Chaos.
"My master uncovered their lair in an architectural deceit, a part of the palace that apparently could not exist
"I had no time to admire my master's guile...
"I only had time to live...or die."

"My eyes disbelieved what they were seeing. There was a stench... a sweet and reeking foulness that permeated the inky blackness and which I do not wish ever to remember."
"Then they were on us."
GNNUFF!
PASS ME MY CEREMONIAL STAFF
MY MASTER! ARE YOU HURT?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! CHECK YOUR AIM! PICK YOUR TARGETS!
WE WON'T LAST A MINUTE IF WE STOP TO THINK

"My master is always right. Every second now counted, every single tactical edge I'd been given in training
"In the face of Chaos, there should be no hesitation, no consideration..."

" no mercy.
"If humanity is to survive, it must deny every shred of the Chaotic influence."

"But perhaps I dwelt upon this philosophy too long."
GRAVIER! BEHIND YOU!

I HAVE HIM, DEFAY. THE CREATURE IS DEAD AND YOUR PUPIL IS SAFE

I THANK YOU, CARDINAL SARTHOS.
NOT NOW, BOY. THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE.

THE CARDINAL SPEAKS RIGHT. WE MUST ROOT OUT THIS PESTILENCE AND BURN IT AWAY!
NO MATTER HOW MANY THEY BE!
I AM WITH YOU, MY LORD INQUISITOR! YOUR DUTIFUL SERVANT IN ALL THINGS.
BRRRAAAP-THWUTCH!
THERE IT IS OVER INQUISITOR A JOB WELL DONE
WAIT... WAIT...

BUT—
WAIT, I SAID!
OH, BY THE HOLY THRONE—!
DREAD EVIL DWELLS STILL IN THIS DARKNESS OUR WORK IS NOT FINISHED
IM BELIS
VERITAS

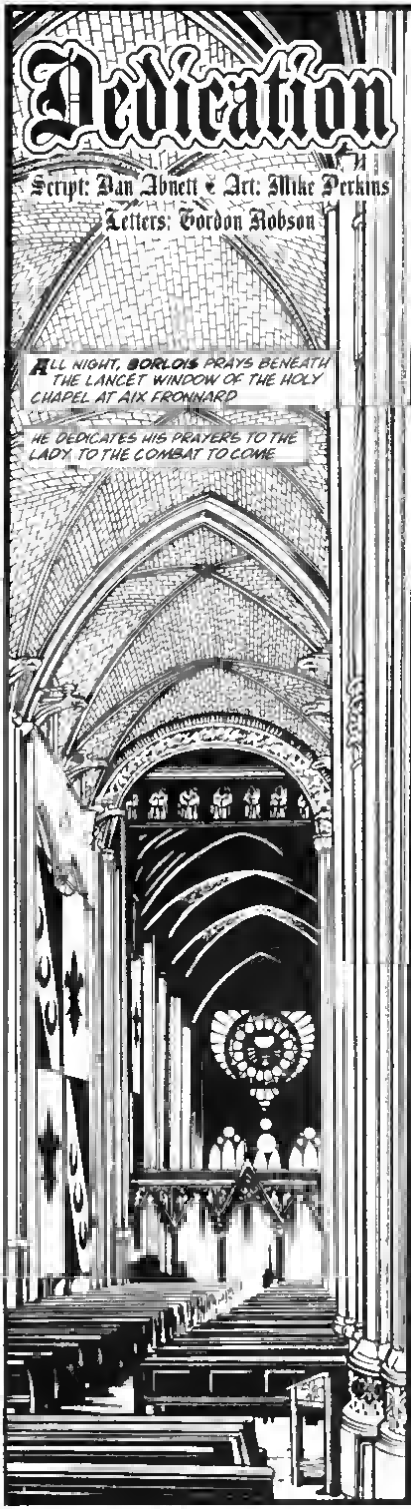
IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR, WE MUST CLEANSE THIS PIT OF FILTH
"From then, it was a blur...
"...myself, my lord and the cardinal, and a dim universe of horror
"I held on to my sanity as tightly as I held on to my weapon. There was no other way now, no other reality. It was kill or die!"
BY THE HOLY THRONE! DEFAY! THERE ARE TOO MANY! TOO MANY!
WE BARELY BESTED FIVE. NOW A HUNDRED MORE?
YOU ARE RIGHT, CARDINAL.

PERHAPS THE ROOM ITSELF HOLDS THE KEY I FEEL IT WAS CUNNINGLY CRAFTED TO DO MORE THAN JUST HIDE THE NEST OF CHAOS
I THINK IT WAS MEANT TO PROTECT THEM TOO. GRAVIER !
MY MASTER ?
YOUR CANNON ! GIVE IT TO ME !
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
"Light streamed in light was all we needed."
FSSHHHH !
FSSSH !
REEEE !
SKREEEE !
THIS PLACE WAS BUILT TO OFFER THEM SANCTUARY... AND MORE, IT OFFERED THEM PROTECTION AGAINST THE SUN WHICH SEARED THEIR UNWHOLESOME FLESH.

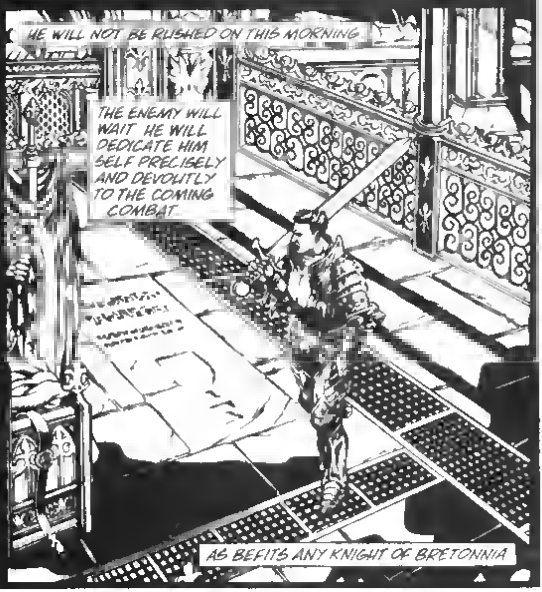
"After such enlightenment, there was silence, broken only by the piteous sobbing of the Lady Cora..."
MY BRETHREN! OH MY POOR BRETHREN! YOU HAVE KILLED THEM ALL!
BURN THIS ROOM AND ALL YOU FIND IN IT. EXPOSE IT TO HARSH LIGHT. BURN THIS PALACE. TAKE HER AWAY.
INQUISITOR DEFAY. I HAD NO IDEA THAT THE TAINT OF CHAOS RAN SO DEEP ON THIS WORLD.
I THOUGHT THE INCIDENT IN THE CITY WAS AN ABERRATION. I WAS WRONG.
INDEED YOU WERE, CARDINAL. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE ENTIRE NOBLE FAMILY OF MATHELDAS IS CORRUPTED BY THAT WHICH WE HATE.
WHO KNOWS HOW FAR OR HOW DEEP THIS POISON GOES? THE LADY CORA HAD CLEARLY SHELTERED THESE MALFORMED MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY FOR YEARS.
THE FAMILY IS COVERING UP AN OBSCENE THREAT TO THE WELFARE OF THE IMPERIUM.
WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO DO ON THIS PLANET AND I TRUST YOU WILL ASSIST US AT EVERY STEP.
YOU MAY RELY ON ME, LORD INQUISITOR. THE EMPEROR'S WILL BE DONE.
"We had come to this world to open up a mystery, and in that mystery we had found the mouth of Hell itself.
"I did not want to even imagine what terror we would find next..."
TO BE CONTINUED...

Dedication

Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Mike Perkins
Letters: Gordon Robson


ALL NIGHT, BORLOIS PRAYS BENEATH THE LANCET WINDOW OF THE HOLY CHAPEL AT AIX FRONNARD
HE DEDICATES HIS PRAYERS TO THE LADY, TO THE COMBAT TO COME

FOR SIX WEEKS, FIERCE WAR HAS RAGED AROUND THE WALLS OF AIX FRONNARD. THAT LITTLE TOWN SO FAMOUS FOR ITS SAINTLY CHAPEL-SHRINE
NOW THIS IS DAWN ON WHAT MUST BE THE LAST DAY


HE WILL NOT BE RUSHED ON THIS MORNING
THE ENEMY WILL WAIT. HE WILL DEDICATE HIMSELF PRECISELY AND DEVOUTLY TO THE COMING COMBAT
AS BEFITS ANY KNIGHT OF BRETONNIA

HE BLESSES THE COLOURS OF HIS HOUSE, AND PLACES THEM AROUND HIS SHOULDERS
EACH PIECE OF ARMOUR IS PRAYED FOR AS IT IS DONNED
HIS BLADE, THAT HAS SERVED HIM SO WELL, IS WHETTED AND ANOINTED
SHRIKKK
SHRIKKK
HE MASKS HIMSELF FOR WAR
LET IT BEGIN
LET WHAT TUMULT FALL OUT AS THE GODS WILL IT

BORLOIS IS ALONE NOW, THE LAST.
THOSE SIX WEEKS OF FIERCE WAR HAVE REDUCED THE GARRISON OF AIX FRONNARD TO JUST ONE MAN.
EVIL MAY NOT SET FOOT ON THE SACRED GROUND OF AIX FRONNARD'S HOLY CHAPEL
EVIL MUST WAIT UNTIL THAT WHICH IS VIRTUOUS STEPS OUT TO MEET IT
IT IS DAWN, AND BORLOIS GOES TO WAR
END.

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT • ART & LETTERS: DAVID PUGH

Dreams of Lustria

DUCIESO IS A QUIET TOWN IN THE TRANTINE HILLS, REMARKED UPON FOR ITS QUALITY STONE WORKING.
IT IS A PEACEFUL PLACE...
NYYYAAAAAHHHH!
...ALL EXCEPT THE VILLA BADOLPHUS.
NO! NO...
THE DREAM. AGAIN, THE DREAM!
YOUNG PRINCE FRENZO WAS WELL-LIKED IN THE TOWN, AND HIS SCHOLARSHIP AND LEARNING WAS WIDELY ADMIRED.
FRENZO WAS A STUDENT OF THE COSMOS WHO STRUGGLED TO COMPREHEND THE WORKINGS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.
IN THIS QUEST, HE PROBED THE ANCIENT DISCIPLINES OF MAGIC, STRIVING TO UNDERSTAND THEIR RELATIONSHIP TO HIS BELOVED SCIENCES.

MANY OF HIS ACQUAINTANCES IN DUCIESO WERE CONCERNED FOR HIS WELFARE AND ADVISED AGAINST HIS DABBLING.
FRENZO? FRENZO?
FRENZO, YOU'RE WASTING AWAY IN HERE! COME OUT WITH US! COME HUNTING!
I'M SORRY, MY FRIENDS, I HAVE WORK TO DO.
FRENZO HAD COME TO BE HAUNTED BY DREAMS. EVERY NIGHT, AFTER HIS SCRUTINY OF OLD, OCCULT TEXTS, HE WOULD RETIRE...
...AND DREAMS WOULD COME. DREAMS OF SWELTERING, EMERALD JUNGLE HELL.
...WHERE GREAT LIZARDS PROWLED THROUGH THE MISTY DARKNESS.

AND AT THE HEART OF IT ALL, THE OPALESCENT CITY, SPIRES TWICE AS OLD AS TIME...
...AND THE WATCHER AT THE TOWER WINDOW, THE WATCHER WHO PEERED RIGHT BACK AT FRENZO...
...WITH HIS FERAL, CUNNING EYE.
NYAAAAAAHHH!
FRENZO BECAME CONVINCED THAT THROUGH HIS MAGIC-TAINTED DREAMS, HE WAS SOMEHOW COMMUNICATING WITH THE LEGENDARY REALM OF LUSTRIA...
...A LAND WRITTEN OF BY YIN-TUAN AND MARCO COLOMBO, BUT BELIEVED BY MOST TO BE SIMPLY A MYTH.
HE FELT HE WAS COMMUNING WITH A LUSTRIAN SOUL, PERHAPS EVEN A SCIENTIST OF THAT ALIEN COMMUNITY.
A BEING WHO WAS LOOKING OUTWARDS FOR CONTACT, JUST AS FRENZO LOOKED IN.

AT LAST, ONE NIGHT, A GREAT STORM CAME TO DUCIESO. DESPITE THE THUNDER, FRENZO'S SCREAMS WERE HEARD RIGHT ACROSS THE TOWN.
UNHH!
UNFF!
GAHH!
HIS FRIENDS AND CONCERNED TOWNSFOLK RACED TO HIS AID.
BUT WHEN THEY BROKE IN, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.
YAH!
UNFF!
GRRR!
THERE WAS HOWEVER, A STRANGE, REPELLENT LIZARD-THING. ALL WHO SAW IT TOOK IT AS A SOMBRE CONFIRMATION THAT FRENZO HAD DABBLED TOO FAR.
THE MOB BEAT THE WRETCHED THING TO A PULP.
NO ONE EVER SAW FRENZO AGAIN. NO ONE EVER BEGAN TO SUSPECT THAT HE AND HIS COUNTERPART HAD FALLEN SO DEEPLY INTO THEIR DREAMS...
THAT THEY HAD EACH WOKEN ON THE FAR SIDE.
NOOOOOOOOO!
END

Inquisitor Defay

By Simon Coleby

THE CASTLE OF THE NECROMANCER, DRAKASH BONESEER, HIGH IN THE VAULTS MOUNTAINS
SHADOWFAST HAS BEEN DRAWN TO THIS DREAD PLACE SEEKING RELEASE FROM THE SPELL WHICH BINDS HIM TO THE STAFF HE CARRIES.
Shadowfast
EPISODE 6
WAIT, SHADES! BY THE STAFF, I COMMAND YOU TO WAIT
LORD, WE CANNOT WE ARE DRAWN TO THIS PLACE
VERY WELL WHERE YOU GO SO GO I!
SWEET 16HA, MORE UNDEAD
HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS EVIL FILTH MUST I FACE
SHADES, ATTACK!

SCRIPT *MICHAEL BROWNE* * ART *SIMON HARRISON* * LETTERS *GORDON ROBSON*

ATTACK! CAN I COMMAND THIS, AT LEAST?
WE CAN ALWAYS KILL
KEEP THEM AT BAY WHILE I SEEK OUT AND DESTROY THEIR MASTER
THE ONE WHO HAS DAMNED ME TO CARRY THIS STAFF!
SHADOWFAST IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO SEEK THE DOWNFALL OF THE CASTLE
GATES OPEN! KILL KILL! BURN BURN!
BONES TO ASH ALL BURNS!
KILL KILL! IN THE NAME OF WARLORD SKARROS KILL THEM ALL

WHAT IS HAPPENING SOMEGEER ?
IT APPEARS WE ARE UNDER ATTACK, MASTER ! THE WAR DANCER MUST BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE SHADES SOMEHOW !
THE STAFF, YOU FOOL ! HE'S USING THE STAFF I CAN FEEL IT !
THE DOOR IS BARRED BY FOUL SORCERY !
FOUMP!
FOUMP!
FOUMP!
FOUMP!
WHO—?
IT IS HIM, THE WARDANCER ! HE HAS COME TO UNITE STAFF AND ORB !
KILL FLAME, BURN ELF, SCORCH YES !
WARFIRE SWEET ISH, PROTECT ME !
THE WARFIRE IS EQUAL TO THE SORCEROUS LOCK
SO NOW I AM AIDED BY THE VERMIN !
AAK !

SEIZE THE WARDANCER!
BONESEER? BONESEER? I HAVE COME TO FINISH THIS.
RELEASE ME FROM THIS STAFF BEFORE I KILL YOU!
YES! THE STAFF, GIVE IT TO ME!
SAY THE WORDS! RELEASE ME FROM THIS INFERNAL STAFF!
AAK! I CANNOT!

KILL THE NECROMANCER IF YOU MUST! HE IS NOTHING! I AM THE ONE WHO BOUND YOU TO THE STAFF!
YOU! FROM MY DEATH-DREAM YOU SAVED ME WHEN RAKK SOUGHT TO STEAL MY LIFE!
DID I? AH, YES!
YES! AND IN SO DOING YOU BOUND ME TO THIS WRETCHED STAFF!
YES, WARDANCER! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A PAWN IN THE PLANS OF NAGGAROTH!
ANOTHER SCHEMING DARK ELF!
AH, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU BEGIN TO SEE
NOW STEP CLOSER, WARDANCER, THAT'S IT!
CLOSE ENOUGH TO FORM A LINK WITH THE ORB, TO DRAG YOU AND THE STAFF THROUGH TO MY HATED PRISON
IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD! HA HA!
SWEET ISHA!

I'D SOONER DESTROY IT THAN TAKE IT TO BLIGHTED ISLE
NO! THE STAFF IS MINE!
THERE'S NO POINT IN FIGHTING IT, WOOD ELF SCUM. KILL THE PATHETIC OLD MAN AND STEP THROUGH THE VORTEX!

NEVER I'VE COME THIS FAR AND THIS PATHETIC OLD MAN WILL LIFT THE CURSE!
I CANNOT I CANNOT GIVE IT TO ME!

ELF ELF MAN-WITCH BURN-YES!
MAKE YOUR CHOICE, SHADOWFAST IF YOU BURN AND DIE YOU'LL JOIN ME ON THE BLIGHTED ISLE SOON ENOUGH!

VERY WELL. YET IT'S TOO LATE FOR CHOICES
I NEED A SHIELD!

AIEEEEEE!
WOOOO
AAAAARRGHHH BY THE HOUNDS OF ORION
ELF DEAD-KILL ?
GONE GONE, YEG !

AT LAST ! IT HAS TAKEN ME MONTHS TO GET THE STAFF TO THIS ACCURSED PLACE
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE OR WHAT FOUL SCHEMES YOU HATCH BUT BY KURNOUS, I SWEAR THAT YOU WILL DIE FOR DRAGGING ME HERE TOO !
TO BE CONCLUDED

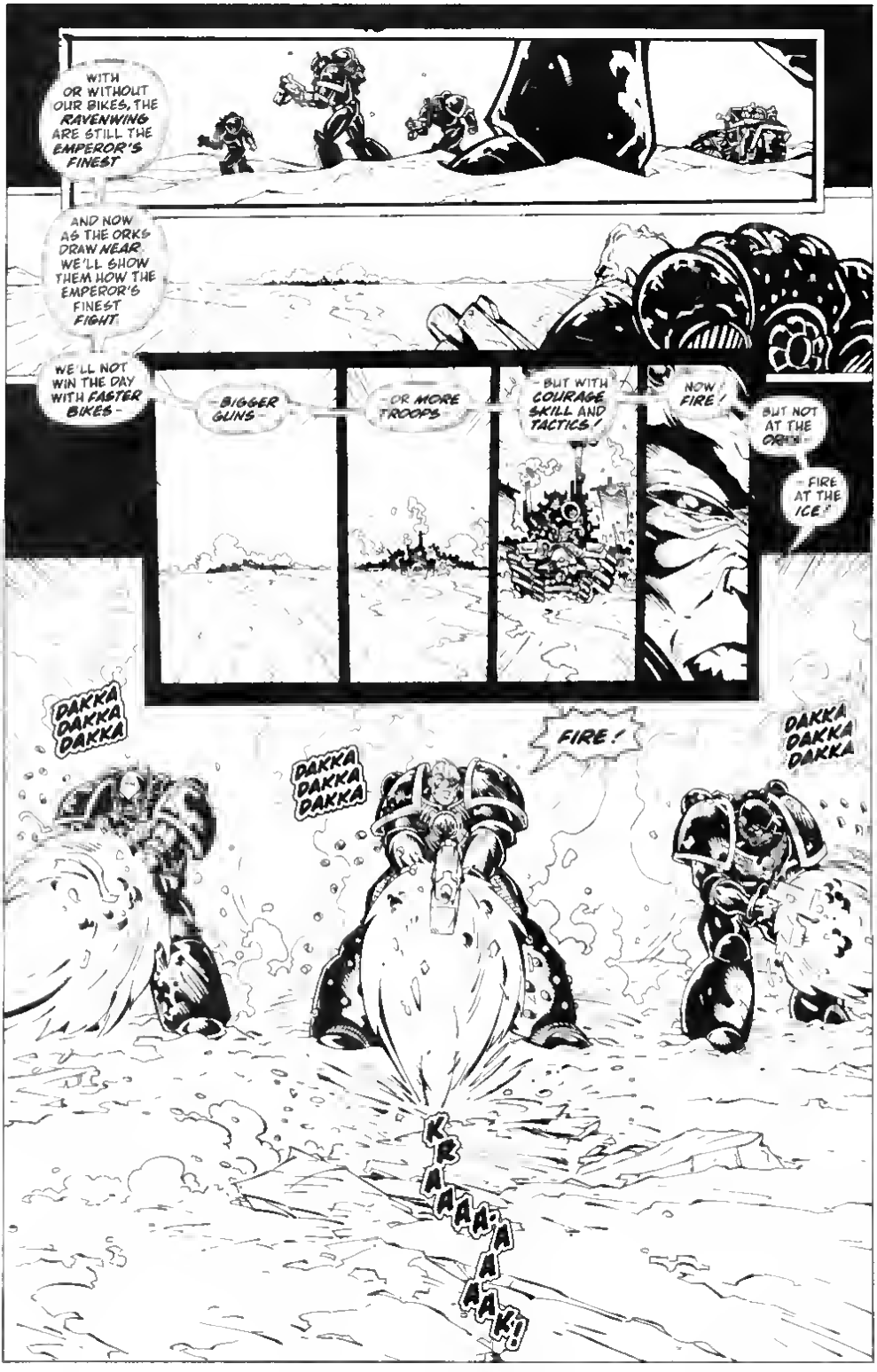
ON THE ICE PLANET BOAR DEEP WITHIN THE SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS, A DESPERATE RACE IS BEING RUN
STATUS REPORT, GAMALIEL?
WE DESTROYED THE ORK GARGANT, BUT NOW THE REST OF THAT MOB HAS TURNED THEIR ATTENTION FROM THEIR IMPERIAL GUARD FOES TO US
THEY'RE ON OUR TRAIL AND GAINING, SERGEANT MALACHI. THEIR BUGGIES HAVE BETTER TRACTION ON THE SNOW THAN OUR BIKES
SERGEANT WE'RE SPACE MARINES, THE EMPEROR'S FINEST SURELY WE SHOULD TURN AND FACE THE FOE BEFORE THEY OVERWHELM US?
WE'RE THE RAVENWING GAMALIEL -- WE PICK THE TIME AND PLACE OF OUR BATTLES, WITH VICTORY OUR SOLE OBJECTIVE
RIGHT NOW AGAINST THAT MOB ON THIS SNOWY PLAIN WE'D FACE A FIGHT WE COULDN'T HOPE TO WIN
NO, GAMALIEL -- I MADE A WAGER WITH A MORDIAN COLONEL THAT WE'D BE VICTORIOUS AGAINST THE ORKS THIS DAY, AND I INTEND TO COLLECT ON IT
WE'LL NOT STAND AND FIGHT JUST YET
IGNATIUS, CARNELIAN -- HOW ARE THINGS IN THE REAR?
WELL ENOUGH, SIR DESPITE IGNATIUS'S SORRY DRIVING DISRUPTING MY AIM, I'VE STOPPED A DOZEN OF THE FOE SO FAR --
SHOOOOOM!
BRRRRRRP!
BRRRRRRP!
BRRRRRP!
BOOOM!

RAVENWING

SCRIPT **BILL KAPLAN** · ART **JEFF REBNER** · LETTERS **GORDON ROBSON**

FIRE!
WAAAARGH!
SHREEEEE
SHREEEEEE
MORE SPEED! GIMME MORE SPEED!
--WHICH LEAVES ONLY A THOUSAND OR SO STILL IN PURSUIT!
SHOOOOM!
BOOOM!
CHOOOM!
CHOOOMM!
FIRE! FIRE!
YARRRRGH!
WHOOOOMPF!
SHOOOOM!
IGNATIUS HAS BEEN HIT!
HA-WHICH CAN ONLY IMPROVE HIS DRIVING
WE'RE GOING FOR ONE MORE BUGGY
REMEMBER US ON THE ROCK
SPEED KILLSSSSS
WHA-
BOOOOOOM!
YOU'LL BE REMEMBERED, CARNELIAN-AND AVENGED!

ONLY DEATH AWAITS US ON THAT OPEN PLAIN RAVENWING, FOLLOW ME INTO THIS GORGE.
IT'S HERE THAT WE'LL SHOW THOSE ORKS HOW A DARK ANGEL FIGHTS
RAAARGH! AFTERBURNERS ON! TRAP 'EM IN THE CANYON!
TRAP 'EM AND KILL 'EM!
MALACHI, IS THIS WISE? OUR BIKES HAVE EVEN LESS TRACTION ON THIS FROZEN RIVER THAN THEY DID ON THE SNOWY PLAIN.
HOW CAN WE HOPE TO MANOEUVRE IN SUCH CONDITIONS?
MANOEUVRE? YOU WORRY OVERMUCH, GAMALIEL.
IN FACT, IF I REMEMBER MY TERRAIN MAPS-
RAVENWING, STOP!
SKRRREEEEEEEEE
STOP!
-MANOEUVRING WON'T BE AN ISSUE.
BROTHERS, WE RUN NO MORE THIS DAY. DISMOUNT AND PREPARE TO FACE THE FOE.
DISMOUNT? BUT-
IT'S AS YOU SAID, GAMALIEL - WE'LL HAVE LITTLE LUCK MANOEUVRING OUR BIKES ON THIS ICY SURFACE-
- SO WE'LL FACE THE FOE ON OUR FEET!


WITH OR WITHOUT OUR BIKES, THE RAVENWING ARE STILL THE EMPEROR'S FINEST
AND NOW AS THE ORKS DRAW NEAR, WE'LL SHOW THEM HOW THE EMPEROR'S FINEST FIGHT.
WE'LL NOT WIN THE DAY WITH FASTER BIKES -
- BIGGER GUNS -
- OR MORE TROOPS -
- BUT WITH COURAGE, SKILL AND TACTICS!
NOW, FIRE!
BUT NOT AT THE ORKS -
- FIRE AT THE ICE!
DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA
DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA
FIRE!
DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA
KRAAAAAAAAAAK!

KRAAAAAAAAAK!
NO! STOP!
THE ZOGGIN' ROAD'S BUST!
KEEP SHOOTIN', LADZ!
SPLOOOOOOOSH!
SPLAVAVASH!
RAARGH!
GLUBBB!
GROOARGH!

GLUBBBBB
GLUBBBBB
GLUBBBBB
AND THAT'S THE END OF ANOTHER ORK MOB.
AND TO THINK I DOUBTED YOUR JUDGEMENT, SERGEANT MALACHI.
EXPERIENCE BRINGS ITS OWN REWARDS, GAMALIEL
NOW, BROTHER ZEPHRAIM, I'LL NEED YOUR SEAT IN THE LANDSPEEDER FOR AN URGENT APPOINTMENT.
OF COURSE, BROTHER SERGEANT
GAMALIEL, IN ABOUT TEN HOURS, THIS ICE SHOULD REFREEZE SO YOU CAN RIDE OUT-
ATTEND TO YOUR BIKES UNTIL THEN- THEY HAVE SERVED US WELL
YES, SIR
NOW TO THE IMPERIAL GUARD COMMAND TENT, AND QUICKLY, LUCIUS
I'VE GOT TO SEE A MORDIAN COLONEL BY NIGHTFALL TO COLLECT MY WINNINGS, AND I'D HATE TO DISAPPOINT HIM
THE END